

Good Morning 359

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BORN TIRED?

They're Testing You Now

(From PETER DAVIS)

BRITAIN'S toughest shock troops aim at going without food or drink for three days and being able to fight after it.

That's Army news. On the Home Front, scientists are asserting that fatigue seems to be largely a matter of adaptation. Two British experts put a man accustomed to desert temperatures in a chamber heated with dry air to 250 degrees. For fifteen minutes they almost roasted him alive, but he afterwards showed no fatigue in mental and physical responses. A man accustomed to winter temperatures, on the other hand, fell asleep under the sudden change.

Now the effects of fatigue itself have been measured, and researchers are discovering what makes weariness.

The Harvard Fatigue Laboratory—G.H.Q. of the world's war on undue fatigue—is tiring to look at.

There are treadmills for rats, dogs and men; stationary bicycles and rowing machines, heat chambers to create lassitude, and sealed frost boxes to duplicate the conditions that wear down mountain climbers.

Athletes, college professors and students, and armament workers are among the "guinea-pigs" who have submitted to tiredness tests.

One old chap who jogged along on a treadmill, while the air from his labouring lungs went down one pipe and blood samples were collected from another—well, this old gent was 91.

Special expeditions were made to industrial regions. For hours on end workers submitted to weighings to show the amount of salt lost in perspiration, while its composition was shown from baths in rubber tubs.

Oxygen starvation, boredom, salt loss, are just some of the active causes of tiredness traced by weary researchers.

The links between energy and expenditure—why a young man may tire more easily than middle age, why a champion swimmer can outpace others—is coming to light.

The salt loss that creates some tiredness was particularly obvious in overheated factories or during work at sweltering, tropical sites. It's easily defeated, too, by saline drinking water.

Lack of oxygen is the cause of another fatigue type—the tiredness experienced after hill-climbing or after a hard day's work. During a heavy expenditure of energy the body is burning fat and sugar rapidly, but it must have oxygen for the process.

Bad breathing can be almost as bad as being on a mountain peak in this type of fatigue. It is now proved beyond doubt that the blood of a well-trained athlete has greater oxygen-carrying capacity than the blood of an untrained man.

Tissue tests have shown that an athlete can also absorb oxygen faster. That's why an Olympic runner can keep it up for distances that would leave most of us whacked at the roadside.

Exact treadmill measurements have also shown that the human body is not the perfect machine biologists would have us believe. The efficiency of man is now proved to range from 16 to 20 per cent. for each 100 units of chemical energy consumed as food.

The Diesel engine and the mercury-vapour turbine are

just two mechanical systems that prove more economical.

On the other hand, a man of 50 may show better results on fuel consumption than a man of 20.

Yet the more the researchers learn about fatigue, the more fresh problems there are to tire them.

Why is it, for instance, that a blood sample from a tired dog injected into a lively dog will promptly cause the frisker to slow down?

Why do people increase in weight when they refrain from sleep? One group of students under test stayed awake for four days while their weight increased continually.

The more tired they became, the greater was the weight in-

crease. When they were allowed to sleep, however, the weight increase vanished.

At the same time, the effects of tiredness last. One investigator, who had gone without sleep for four days, was subjected to psychological tests which showed a decreased mental capacity lasting for 14 days.

Absolute tiredness has effects resembling drunkenness. Speech becomes confused and thick. Simple mental tests cannot be answered.

Handwriting shakes and slithers and memory blots out. Eventually the subject develops a squint and may also see hallucinations.

Funny, isn't it, to think that if you work hard enough you might see pink elephants!

To-day Dick Gordon presents his "Stage, Screen, Studio"

THE girl who is making THEN the big chance. A general Excuse Me dance, film casting directors and radio producers lay down welcome carpets sprung with wads of greebacks, is a redhead.

She's just one year short of a score, her favourite song is "Black Magic," although she is never permitted to sing anything as popular as that, and she is one of "Three Of Us," namely, Sally Douglas.

With the blonde and brunette Lorna Martin and Betty Benson, Sally uses thirty minutes on the General Forces wavelength each Sabbath Day. They usually alternate with numbers and close in harmony.

The red partner took her first step out of school into a London bank, which managed to pay her ten half-crowns a week. This amount she invested in her vocal chords, and one holiday she went gunning for a break.

Glasgow was the city. At a dance hall she saw George Scott Wood billed, so with big sister she powdered her nose and tapped the timber for a while.

Sally Douglas



SCANNING a number of RKO Radio posters of things to come, I see that company is about to present half-a-dozen high-grade pictures of top-flight stars.

Most important of the forthcoming films is "Up in Arms," a Samuel Goldwyn Technicolor musical, featuring the Broadway artiste, Danny Kaye. According to contacts over there, Kaye is heralded as a sensational screen discovery, and he has already been signed for a second picture. "Up in Arms" has Dinah Shore, the favourite singer, in an important role, as well as the Goldwyn Girls.

Outstanding on RKO Radio's own production line-up is "Tender Comrade," which marks the return of Ginger Rogers to the studio where she has scored many of her most outstanding successes. In "Tender Comrade," Miss Rogers is cast as a typical girl whose husband joins the Forces while she takes a job in industry.

Robert Ryan, the young screen man who scored notable successes in a number of recent RKO presentations, has the part of the husband.

ANOTHER production which is predicted to score a great success in the old world is "Higher and Higher," the first RKO film to feature Frank Sinatra, young American singer whose rise to popularity has been phenomenal. Sinatra, in "Higher and Higher," is teamed with Michele Morgan and Jack Haley, and the story, a bright and gay musical comedy, offers fine roles to Leon Errol, Marcy McGuire, and Grace and Paul Hartman.

Kay Kyser and a cast including Mischa Auer, Marcy McGuire, Joan Davis, Wally Brown and Alan Carney, share the principal characterisations in "Around the World," another musical entertainment by RKO. "Around the World" is considered the best Kay Kyser ever, and in view of the gen-



A Surprise is on the way, L/S Sidney Hogg

LEADING Seaman Sidney Hogg, aged 25, will soon be re-living the happiest day of his war-time life.

His fair-haired, 19-year-old wife, Doreen, whom he married on March 11, has just sent him a grand pocket-size album containing "stills" of his wedding from beginning to end.

They were taken by a mutual friend, and, by kind permission of the minister,

there are impressive shots in church, showing the couple at the altar, putting on the ring, signing the register in the vestry, and also group pictures of the bride—charming in gown and veil—bridesmaids, page-boy, and so on.

Doreen herself, at her parents' home, 96 Stonecliffe Road, Manor, Sheffield, showed the "Good Morning" reporter a duplicate album she has kept for herself.

She had just returned home after a hard day's work in a factory, made a fuss over Peter, which she bought as a pup last year, and then changed from overalls to be photographed in the back garden.

"I know Sid will be thrilled when he gets the album, and I hope it will bring him luck," she said. Doreen, too, is planning another thrill for him. It is Sid's birthday soon, and he can look forward to receiving something which is Doreen's secret so far.

Sid will be interested to hear that Doreen played "McNamara's Band" on the gramophone. It is his favourite tune, and also that of his pal, Jack McClure, of Laughton, near Sheffield, who was Sid's submariner pal.

They were recently separated, and Jack has now been promoted to Petty Officer. They played the tune over together at the wedding reception—and what a good time was had by all! All's well at home, Sid!

duced, "The Fighting Seabees" heads a varied, imposing group of new products.

Republic has shown commendable initiative in being the first company to screen the hazard-packed exploits of America's new fighting force, "The Seabees," whose intriguing title is derived from a colloquialism of the initial letters of their official description, Construction Battalions.

The producer has gone all out in making this film a memorable screen event. It is easily Republic's greatest—from every angle. Built on lavish, spectacular lines, "The Fighting Seabees" has John Wayne, Susan Hayward and Dennis O'Keefe at the top of a tremendous cast.

BING'S voice is worth a million cigarettes, that is.

Crosby very rarely lends his name for any advertising tie-up, but he took a few hours off from his latest picture, "Going My Way," to pose for some cigarette advertisements.

The reason: As Bing's part of the deal, the cigarette company are sending 1,000,000 smokes to troops overseas.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"The Biter Bitten"

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 21

IT was, indeed, a curious spectacle to see these two men, at the windows of their several carriages; the one, surrounded by his guards, and all-powerful, the other a prisoner and miserable; the one going to mount a throne, the other believing himself to be on his way to the scaffold.

William, looking with his cold glance on Cornelius, listened to his anxious and urgent request.

Then, addressing himself to the officer, he said:

"Is this person the mutinous prisoner who has attempted to kill his jailer at Loevestein?"

Cornelius heaved a sigh and hung his head. His good-tempered, honest face turned pale and red at the same instant. These words of the all-powerful Prince, who, by some secret messenger, unavailable to other mortals, had already been apprised of his crime, seemed to him to forebode not only his doom, but also the refusal of his last request.

He did not try to make a struggle, or to defend himself; and he presented to the Prince the affecting spectacle of despairing innocence, like that of a child; a spectacle which was fully understood and felt by the great mind and the great heart of him who observed it.

"Allow the prisoner to alight, and let him see the black tulip; it is well worth being seen once."

"Thank you, Monseigneur, thank you," said Cornelius, nearly swooning with joy, and staggering on the steps of his carriage; had not the officer supported him, our poor friend would have made his thanks to His Highness prostrate on his knees with his forehead in the dust.

After having granted this permission, the Prince pro-

ceeded on his way over the green, amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations.

He soon arrived at the platform, and the thunder of cannon shook the air.

Van Baerle, led by four guards, who pushed their way through the crowd, sidled up to the black tulip, towards which his gaze was attracted with increasing interest, the nearer he approached to it.

He saw it, that unique flower, which he was to see once, and no more. He saw it at the distance of six paces, and was delighted with its perfection and gracefulness; he saw it surrounded by young and beautiful girls, who formed, as it were, a guard of honour for this queen of excellence and purity. And yet, the more he ascertained with his own eyes the perfection of the flower, the more wretched and miserable he felt. He looked all around for someone to whom he might address only one question; but his eyes everywhere met strange faces, and the attention of all was directed towards the chair of state, on which the Stadtholder had seated himself.

William rose, casting a tranquil glance over the enthusiastic crowd, and his keen eye rested by turns on the three extremities of a triangle, formed opposite to him by three persons of very different interests and feelings.

At one of the angles, Bostel, trembling with impatience, and quite absorbed in watching the Prince, the guilders, the black tulip and the crowd.

At the other, Cornelius, panting for breath, silent, and his attention, his eyes, his life, his heart, his love, quite concentrated on the black tulip.

And, thirdly, standing on a raised step among the maidens of Haarlem, a beautiful Frisian girl, dressed in fine scarlet, woollen cloth, embroidered with silver, and covered with a lace veil, which fell in rich folds from her head-dress of gold brocade; in one word, Rosa, who, faint and with swimming eyes, was leaning on the arm of one of the officers of William.

The Prince then slowly unfolded the parchment, and said, with a calm, clear voice, which, although low, made itself perfectly heard amidst the respectful silence, which all at once arrested the breath of fifty thousand spectators:

"You know what has brought us here.

"A prize of one hundred thousand guilders has been promised to whomsoever should grow the black tulip.

"The black tulip has been grown; here it is before your eyes, coming up to all the conditions required by

the programme of the Horticultural Society of Haarlem.

"The history of its production and the name of its grower will be inscribed in the book of honour of the city.

"Let the person approach to whom the black tulip belongs."

In pronouncing these words, the Prince, to judge of the effect they produced, surveyed with his eagle eye the three extremities of the triangle.

He saw Bostel rushing forward. He saw Cornelius make an involuntary movement; and, lastly, he saw the officer who was taking care of Rosa lead, or rather push, her forward towards him.

At the sight of Rosa, a double cry arose on the right and left of the Prince.

Bostel, thunderstruck, and Cornelius, in joyful amazement, both exclaimed:

"Rosa! Rosa!"

"This tulip is yours, is it not, my child?" said the Prince.

"Yes, Monseigneur," stammered Rosa, whose striking beauty excited a general murmur of applause.

"Oh!" muttered Cornelius,

With Our Roving Cameraman



A CAT'S TALE.

You can call it a blasted cat if you like. For this white puss did what the engineers working on the Coulee Dam could not do. A cable was wanted to run through a winding 500-foot drain. Nobody could push that cable through. So the cat was roped in. They tied a string to its tail, then a rope to the string, and the rope to the cable. They sent the cat off, and sent a blast of compressed air in her rear. Thus encouraged, the cat did the job.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Twelveteens! For goodness sake keep your mind on your work!"

JANE



THERE!—NOW YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A NAAFI GIRL—ER—CONNIE!

AND LESS LIKE JANE, I HOPE!

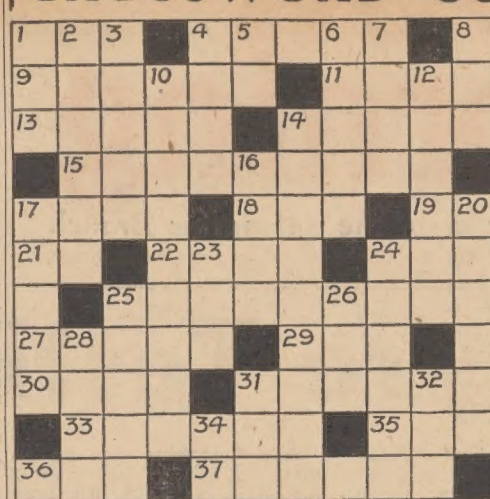


COME AND GIVE US A HAND, DUCKS!—IT'S THE BOYS' FIRST MORNING BREAK AND THERE'LL BE EVER SUCH A RUSH AT THE COUNTER!



GOOD HEAVENS!—IT'S A SATURATION RAID!—IF AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH IT LOOKS AS IF THE R.A.F. MEANS TO FLY ON NAAFI TEA AND COFFEE!...

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Sharp point.
- 4 Nomad.
- 9 Agreement.
- 11 Exaggerated.
- 13 Shin-bone.
- 14 Letter cross-line.
- 15 Beggar.
- 17 Ponder.
- 18 Weir.
- 19 Musical note.
- 21 Remains.
- 22 Bird's pen.
- 24 Double.
- 25 Simple.
- 27 Spin.
- 29 Silence.
- 30 Possess.
- 31 Antiseptic.
- 33 Green.
- 35 Absorb.
- 36 Know.
- 37 Keen dislike.

DISH PRIMER
EXCISE SIRE
GIRL GALLON
RAIDS VELD
E BATHOS E
EWE RAW ASH
A POTENT A
CREEK DATES
ADDED MILK
SENT AVERSE
TRASHY SEEN

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Project.
- 2 Enmity.
- 3 Jeers.
- 4 Urge.
- 5 At home.
- 6 Vapour.
- 7 Story.
- 8 Nix.
- 10 Soft jobs.
- 12 Acid-tester.
- 14 Blame-bearer.
- 16 Object of devotion.
- 17 Merriment.
- 20 Part of foot.
- 23 Lubricant.
- 24 Government.
- 25 Administered.
- 26 Youngster.
- 28 Manufactured stuff.
- 31 Girl's name.
- 32 Bend forward.
- 34 What.

"she has then belied me, when she said this flower was stolen from her. Oh! that is why she left Loevestein. Alas! am I then forgotten, betrayed by her whom I thought my best friend on earth?"

"Oh!" sighed Bostel, "I am lost."

"This tulip," continued the Prince, "will therefore bear the name of its producer, and figure in the catalogue under the title 'Tulipa nigra Rosa Barlaeensis, which will henceforth be the name of this damsel.'"

And at the same time William took Rosa's hand and placed it in that of a young man, who rushed forth, pale and beyond himself with joy, to the foot of the throne, greeting alternately the Prince and his bride, and who, with a grateful look to Heaven, returned his thanks to the Giver of all this happiness.

At the same moment there fell at the feet of the President Van Herysen another man, struck down by a very different emotion.

Bostel, crushed by the failure of his hopes, lay senseless on the ground.

When they raised him, and examined his pulse and his heart, he was quite dead.

This incident did not much disturb the festival, as neither the Prince nor the President seemed to mind it much.

Cornelius started back in dismay when in the thief, in the pretended Jacob, he recognised his neighbour, Isaac Bostel, whom, in the innocence of his heart, he had not for one instant suspected of such a wicked action.

Then, to the sound of trumpets, the procession marched back without any change in its order, except that Bostel was now dead, and that Cornelius and Rosa were walking triumphantly side by side and hand in hand.

And so with the triumph of the young pair ends our story of the Black Tulip.

END

WILLOW, THE KING

"THERE is a willow grows 'Twaslant a brook," observed Hamlet's mother, and had her son been an English boy, with the love of cricket in his veins, he might have added, "Which is just where it ought to grow." You can't make a good bat from a willow planted in the centre of a five-acre field.

The quality of cricket-bat wood depends on speed of growth; and its growth depends on ground moisture. The olive-green salix caerulea which fringe so gracefully the sweet-running rivers of Essex provide the best cricket bats in the game. It is, this making of bats, a local and an export industry.

Now the Essex Rivers Catchment Board have thrown a brickbat at the heads—or hearts—of all cricket lovers. The by-law does not permit trees to be planted within ten feet of a river, nor at less than thirty feet apart—with the sole exception of willows. But the Board have revised the by-law and removed the exception. Even at ten feet from the river bank, willows shall not be less than 75 feet apart.

The Catchment Board think in terms of drainage. The rural mill with its dam is an abomination. Anything larger than a primrose on the river bank is an obstruction. Their passion is for better and better drains.

Shade of W.G.! Surely he would drive the Board for six and drop them over the boundary in their own irrigation ditch. Perhaps the M.C.C. will do something about it.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

WANGLING WORDS—305

1. Put a musical instrument in INTE and make it uninjured.
2. In the following first line of a well-known lullaby, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het no abby potete backerooy.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HOG into PIG and then back again into HOG, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden American State in: That plum is sour, I'm afraid. Try this one. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 304

1. TrageDY.
2. When the cat's away the mice will play.
3. SHIP, shop, stop, step, seep, seem, team, team, BEAM, seam, slam, slim, slip, SHIP.
4. Ed-ward . . . Per-ru.

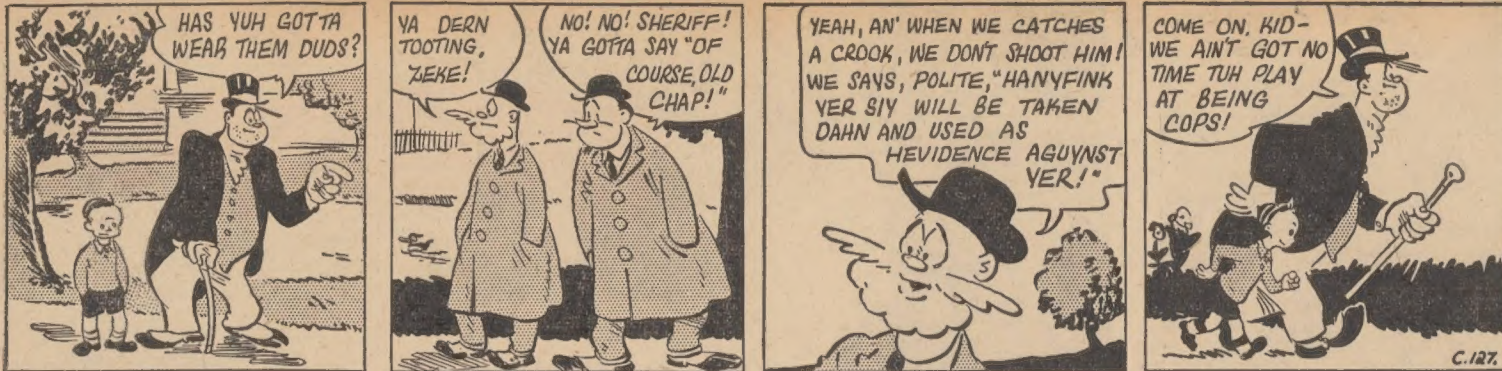
QUIZ for today

1. A dik-dik is a Dutch drink, bird, antelope, Kafir doctor, Australian horse, small stream?
2. Who wrote (a) Riverside Nights, (b) Limehouse Nights?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Starling, Sparrow, Crow, Swallow, Rook, Jackdaw.
4. In what English sport is a spear used?
5. Which tree do we say is "the last to bloom and first to fade"?
6. How many teeth should a horse have?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Loiterer, Licentious, Linguistic, Linolium, Logarithm.
8. What is Will Hay's real name?
9. A glow-worm is a caterpillar, worm, beetle, grub, slug?
10. What is the difference between the bluebells of Scotland and those of England?
11. Is silver-paper made of silver—or what?
12. What States of the U.S.A. are represented by the contractions: Md., Me., La.?

Answers to Quiz in No. 358

1. Young eel.
2. (a) Ian Hay, (b) Somerset Maugham.
3. April has 30 days! others have 31.
4. A brock is a badger; a brocket is a deer.
5. About 400,000.
6. 44.
7. Ochre, Octagon.
8. General Eisenhower.
9. Orion.
10. Yes; October.
11. 390 millions (1941).
12. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire.

BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



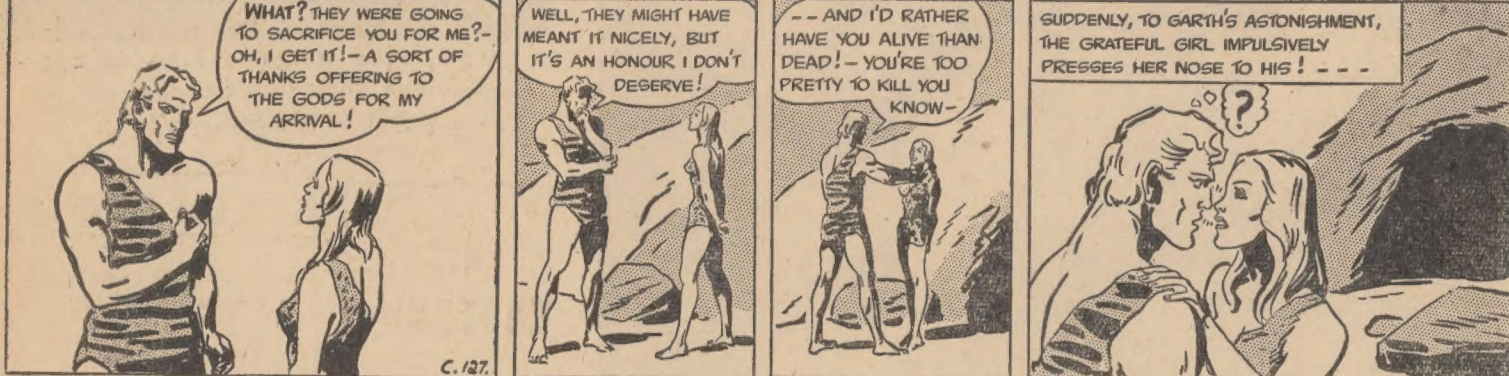
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



They pay for Brainwaves

By Webster Fawcett

WALLY IRVING, a young man with an inventive streak, was strolling to work when he saw a pram-wheel catch in a grating and tip the baby on the pavement.

Out of that incident came an idea for a grating to make such accidents impossible - and out of this brainwave came in turn an idea for emergency airfield mats.

It has saved Britain thousands of pounds in labour and materials, and it has been bought and paid for on a royalty basis by an R.A.F. research department.

The Director of Scientific Research at the Admiralty, the War Office, the Ministry of Supply, even the G.P.O., all pay for brainwaves.

A postman, brushing his trousers, noticed that the red piping could not be seen near the waistband. He gained a £10 award for the simple suggestion that money and material might be saved by clipping off an inch or two near the top.

Two postal sorters, similarly, helped to fold and seal thousands of airgraph letters, and then thought up a machine to do the work. They have received an initial £20 on it.

The G.P.O. has paid its staff alone a total of £35,000 for ideas.

The Scientific Research Dept. of the Ministry of Supply finds that it can adopt and pay for one idea in every 400 of the thousands submitted.

HANGING OUT THE WASHER.

Among them has been a tiny washer to prevent sand from getting into the working parts of mechanised transport. It enabled the Eighth Army to short-circuit the Germans at Benghazi and paved the way to the victories of Tunis and Tripoli.

The Aircraft Production Ministry, too, has revealed that Britain's incendiary leaf was partly due to a suggestion by a private inventor.

The Army recently launched a new scheme for ideas from serving men. One in five of 4,000 ideas submitted through the suggestion boxes has proved practicable.

Britons in this respect are ahead of Americans. Of 160,000 war gadgets submitted to the U.S. National Inventors' Council, only 50 have been adopted.



Among them was the idea of an ordinary enlisted naval "gob," who thought six inches of material were wasted on his uniform. He suggested a new blouse, six inches shorter, and this idea is likely to save Washington £500,000 a year.

The British Admiralty is silent service, as usual, but it is no secret that brainwaves in use originate alike from Admirals and A.B.s. Vice-Admiral Usborne thought up a successful buoyancy device for damaged ships.

Some ideas fall down under test. A R.A.O.C. Captain put in the bright suggestion that discarded connecting tubes from respirators should make excellent twist-grips for motorcycles. They worked well at first, but soon came adrift.

A suggestion that the frames of Service spectacles should be made of non-reflecting metal to aid in personnel concealment also fell down. Why? Unpolished frames irritate the skin!

PENNY A TIME.

At one R.A.F. station suggestions have to be made on specially printed forms, and a charge of one penny is made for each, to help discount impracticable ideas. Flyers paid a penny to suggest:—

A lumberjack squadron for the collection of waste brushwood and timber from adjoining woods.

A service room where repairs to clothing can be carried out in quick time.

Elimination of V.R. badges for Volunteer Reserve officers, and the return of all existing badges for salvage.

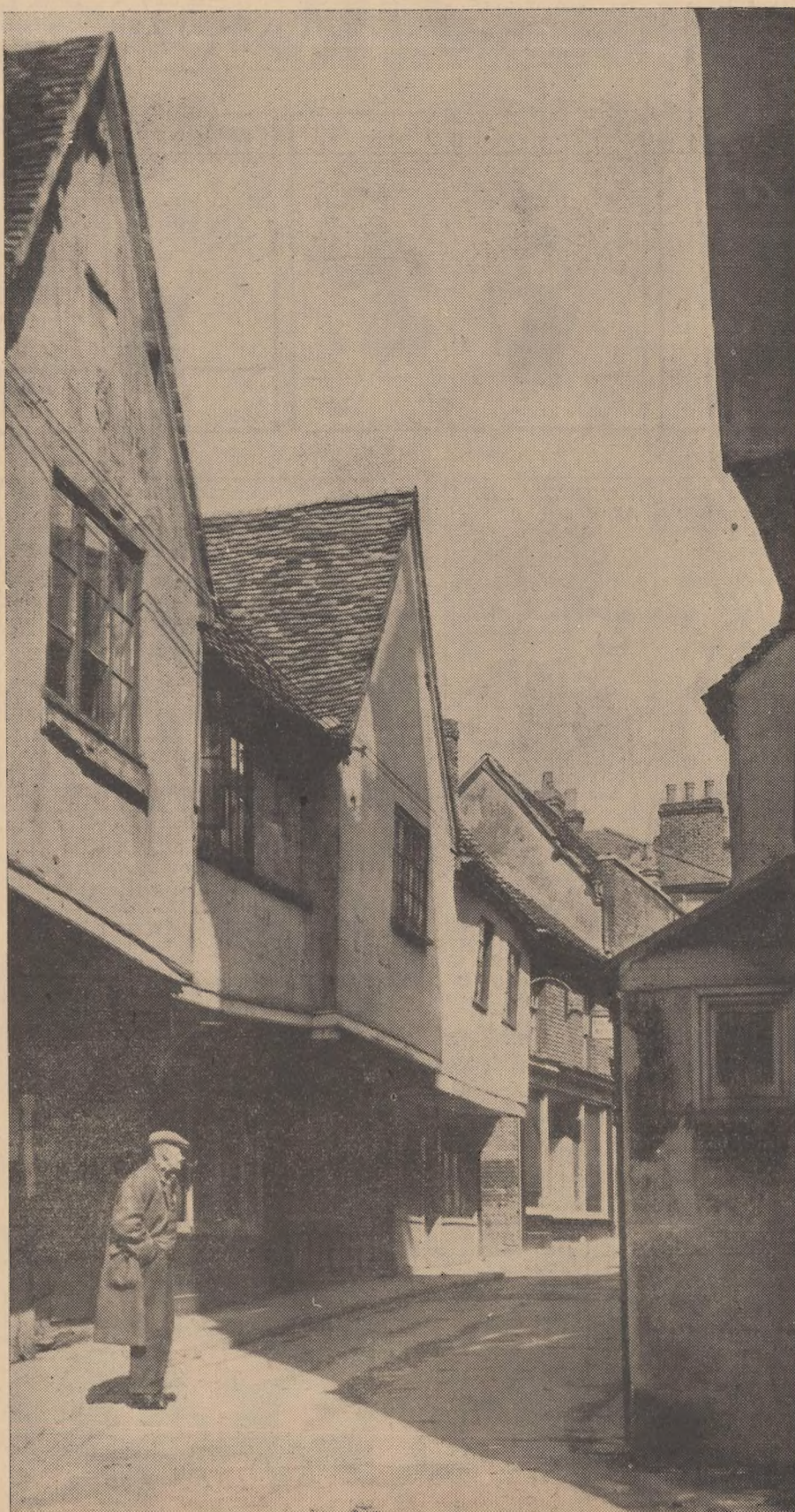
Beltless tunics to help economy in materials. Many inventions originally rejected have been re-examined on the advice of Ministry of Supply experts, and some have proved suitable.

Good Morning

We don't know what kind of a Tyrolean get-up this is, but it sure suits Warner star, Joan Leslie.



A splendid portable cooler. Did we say "portable"? Well, almost portable, and anyhow, there's no bother with taps and things like that.



"Ah, give me this kind of tub—provided they don't throw me out with the bath-water."



"Hiya, Pals! I've just come across three months' rations of dog-biscuits, and I'm all alone."

★ **THIS ENGLAND**

The antique charm of "French Row," St. Albans, Herts.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Baths? Look at my portable."

